

Dear Jim,

4/3/76

When one can survive the kind of medical care I've had, given the spirit of your letter of the first, what I'd expect of Jenifer, the fortunately prepared cats to help with the chores and a good doctor, after the couple of weeks the future ought be brighter and longer, as we both wish.

My late stepfather, who was past 85 when he finally was taken by the entirely unrelated, had a similar operation.

In the previous more than five years he had had three different major surgeries. The first in itself was three, down in New Orleans. All his (also three) unrelated cancer operations were quite successful. He went back to work (probation officer) after the first trio. He was then past 75 and those he worked for did not realize he was well past the age of mandatory retirement. Good Ponce de Leon, those operations.

We saw him the morning after the rectal surgery.

Went to my mother's the night ~~before~~ before the morning we saw him, taking my mother to the hospital with us.

There were a few minutes of chitchat during which he had no complaints.

Then a nurse entered his room.

"Sarah," he said to my mother, I'm glad you are here. I want you to talk to this nurse. (He used her name.) She's not treating me right."

My mother, naturally, expressed disbelief and the nurse flushed. In response to my mother Harry said. "She's not treating me right, either. I want you to talk to her."

Again my mother protested she could not imagine and mistreatment, but I think she asked the specifics of his complaint(s).

"I want my baby!" Harry exclaimed. "She won't let me have my baby!"

Jenifer may not be demanding a baby. but we hope she is in Harry's spirits the morning after.

And that thereafter she has as little trouble from it.

Of all the things he had, none caused or even contributed to his death years later.

You will, of course, have to retrench. But as best we can we'll clip.

I've just returned from several productive days in Memphis.

Our hopes and our best,